

GRAVITY HILL



VOLUME VII

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Thank you to everyone who helped in the production of this edition of *Gravity Hill*! Without the encouragement of my friends, the creativity of the contributors, and amazing tech support from Cate Johnson, this magazine would never have become this great collection that I am proud to be a part of.

So, to all the contributors who submitted work, Cate who put up with my silly questions and sarcasm, and Ted Wojtasik, my advisor, thank you.

Also, special congratulations to this year's prize winners:

Editor's Choice Award

PATRICK DOYLE

"The Annoying Poet"

Marie Gilbert Award

ADRIAN RIVERA

"Challenges"

Nancy Bradberry Award

MEGAN JOLLY

"Jeans"

I hope that everyone reading this magazine will be inspired by the work of students, faculty, and members of the St. Andrews and Laurinburg communities and consider submitting to *Gravity Hill* to keep this tradition alive.

Allison Faulhaber
Editor

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ALEXIS BAKER

Laura's Little Carolina Peach

I want to write something for you. A farewell. An homage.
Why won't the words come?
God, what words would you even use?
How do you write a goodbye to someone who has been
part of your family for so long?

Thank you.
I'm sorry.
Why did you have to go?
Don't leave me.
Come back.

I'm so far away from you; why wasn't I there?
Did it hurt?
Were you scared? Did you know what was happening?
Were you relieved? Did you want to go?
Why would you want to go?

It's not like I've missed you.
I've been gone for ages, and you cross my mind sometimes
but not all that often.
Maybe I took advantage of the fact that you would always
be there.
At home.
Waiting for me.
Are you waiting for me, still? Wherever you are?

I want to cry.
I want to scream, and shout, and tear out my hair, and
bang doors.

I want to curl up in my bed, and stuff my head under
my pillow, and forget.

I want to close my eyes, and I want you to be there
when I open them.

I want to write something for you. A farewell. An homage.

Thank you.

I'm sorry.

I love you.

Goodbye.

HOPE BEATSON

Solo Fall

I rise to meet
A fresh new day
When Helios sends down
A fleet of gold rays

I reach over to find
Nothing but space
And realize I'm lacking
Your comforting embrace

I focus myself
An effort to stand up tall
Knowing it's only the beginning
Of a solo fall

The leaves are changing
The air is cool
I have my goals set
And I am no fool

"I'll see you soon"
Is what you always say
But I'm here and you're there
And soon's not today

So I work and I pray
Sit and wait for your call
Just another lonely day
Within this solo fall

I close my eyes
At the end of my day
When Helios holds back
His golden rays

And I wonder
If you're lyin there too
Thinkin of me
While I'm wishin for you

I miss your safety
I feel so small
The nights are dark
On this solo fall

Now the leaves are falling
And the air is cold
And still my love
I cannot hold

But I'll keep you close
Until the day
When life no longer
Keeps me away

Then I pray to God
Get me through this fall
Remembering I'm not
So solo after all



SHARON PATTON - Paradise (Photograph)

JEFFREY COX

Simmering Sun

Allow your brain to simmer
let the cream of your cranial crop
rise to the top
wait and hesitate
let fear abate
choose love not hate
live life
challenge fate

Sit down
feel the ground
hear the sound
always look around
for something
to be found

Just stay
don't walk away
only pray
for the day
where you can lay
and find the right way

While others run
and grab a gun
to declare they've won
relax and smile
at the setting sun

PATRICK DOYLE
The Annoying Poet

This is a poem
Because I said so
It has no rhyme, and no meter
But it is still a poem
Sometimes I will make a single word into
A
Line, but there is a reason behind that
Also, sometimes I repeat lines
Also, sometimes I repeat lines
Also, sometimes I repeat lines
And. Occasionally. I. Will. Add. Meaningless.
Punctuation. This poem has no rhyme, and no meter
But it is still a poem
And if you say it is not a poem
You are questioning my artistic value
And clearly my work is too deep for you
To understand, because I'm smarter than you
And there are a lot of very smart people
Who would pay good money for
Me to write them a poem just like
This one, which is awesome and artistic.

Nobody Loves the Vegetarian

Batman is Jesus. Batman is Jesus.
Nobody loves the Vegetarian.
A man runs through the forest of pink trees
Chased by seven tigers and a dog.
He lost something, and cannot find it again.
Batman is Jesus. Batman is Jesus.
Nobody loves the Vegetarian.
The tigers run faster, the dog goes slow.
The man jumps off a cliff
To escape the beasts' pursuit.
Batman is Jesus. Batman is Jesus.
Nobody loves the Vegetarian.
Falling, falling, falling down
Speeding toward the ground
Struggling to stop, trying to survive.
Batman is Jesus. Batman is Jesus.
Nobody loves the Vegetarian.
Right before he hits the ground
The man begins to fly.
No longer bound to the earth.
Batman is Jesus. Batman is Jesus.
Nobody loves the Vegetarian.

The Relationship Ends

"I'm sorry, I really am. We've been on four dates now, and I'm starting to realize this was a mistake. I never actually had feelings for you, I simply fell in love with the idea of love. Please don't take it too hard, but I'm breaking up with you." She spoke as if she had rehearsed the speech, expressing very little emotion.

His reply was not one of hurt, but rather shock. "Wait, I'm sorry; you're confusing me. When did we say we were going out? I never went out on a single date with you, that I can remember. I mean sure, I've been nice, but I never expressed any interest in you romantically. I think you're getting the wrong signals. I don't love you, and I never did."

Suddenly, emotion filled her voice. "So it was all a lie? You never had any feelings for me? None at all. I thought it was special, but I guess it was all a lie. Maybe I was the one lying to myself. I suppose I'm just a loser who will never find a boyfriend."

"Wait, don't say that. You're a beautiful, kind girl, and I know that you will find true love somewhere. It may even be closer than you think. You just have to open your eyes and look around you." He was using a comforting voice to address her.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to get so emotional. I just... I've never felt this way about anyone before. I can't stand to be away from you, and just being able to talk with you makes me feel good. But at the same time, I'm nervous that I will lose you, and I don't want to get too attached." She began to cry as she spoke.

He gave her a slight smile. "I know exactly how you

feel, because I can't stand to be away from you, but I do it anyway, because I'm afraid it will hurt even more when I get attached. But if I stay away too long, it hurts even more."

She wiped her tears from her face, and no more tears replaced them. "If you truly feel that way, as I do, then perhaps we should take the risk, because it will hurt more if we don't. If we live our lives regretting what could have happened, then we will hurt too much."

There was a pause before he responded. "I love you."

She looked into his eyes. "I love you, too."

They were both lying. But, for now at least, it felt better to pretend than to be alone.



ALEXIS BAKER - Seoul Train (Photograph)

ROBERT DZIEWULSKI

I Thought Love Was Worth More

I thought love was worth more
Than snowglobes on the shelf from Eastern airports
Like Bono explaining he'd like a bag of gas station pretzels
Martin Luther King, Jr., telling a blonde joke
Worth more than
Than candle holders, pocket change or cobwebs.

I say goodbye, mumbled under my breath
Thinking love is worth more than ego lofting into the
 world via purchases,
Ghandi trying on new slacks
Worth more
Than a poem inspired, or a hearty soup to a starving man.

ANNA EGELN

Lost

Forensic science class.

ZEKE ESPEY

A Dollar and Some Change

It is Thursday night, the equivalent to a Friday night in the United States. After work I take my shower and dress in the nicest clothes I can bear, keeping in mind it is probably ninety degrees outside at night. I plan to meet some friends at the British Embassy; they have the best beer selection in town, not to mention probably one out of only a handful of places licensed to sell alcohol. After deciding to skip out on dinner, I rush to put my shoes on and exit the house before anyone notices I have left. The only evidence of my departure is a Post-It on the door saying, "be home before sunrise, leave the door unlocked."

The driver is not outside, and I groan as I must resort to taking a rickshaw. I stand outside and wait for one to appear. One, two, and three appear but they deny my request to take me to my destination. The police ban their three-wheeled cycles in the diplomatic enclave for security reasons; however, they know that if a westerner is on the rickshaw the cops generally leave the rickshaws alone. After finishing my second smoke, a reluctant Walla (driver) stops, the poor fellow is probably sixty years old. I bark the directions into his ear with my broke Bangla accent: "BAME (left), DANE (right), SOJA (straight)... and TAMEN (stop)!"

The ride is, as usual, slow and life-threatening. In a country like Bangladesh, it is a miracle if somebody obeys the laws of the road. Upon our arrival, I dig into my pocket to give the Walla his fee. I manage to scrounge up twenty taka, probably less than thirty-five cents US. He looks at me in disgust and starts hollering words I can

barely understand.

"Are you fucking serious!" I protest as the Walla throws the money at me. I suspect he wants more, but from five years living in Dhaka, I know the local price is probably a third of what I originally gave him. I watch in amazement as the Walla demands more money. My heart sinks realizing that this old man pedals people around the city all day, and probably makes less than three dollars. But this is how the system works, damn it! You cannot be soft, because no matter what, if your skin pigmentation resembles anything close to white, the price is automatically bumped up ... for anything.

As we scream and yell at each other, we attract a crowd. This is common, and ninety percent of the time the crowd takes the side of the local in distress. Before I know it, I am surrounded. Glaring eyes look at me in disgust. I scramble to find a familiar face; I peer through the bullet proof glass of the security station inside the embassy. My eyes plead for help, but they can't help me. Bastards probably find my conundrum amusing. I finally give the Walla one hundred taka, a dollar and some change. The crowd quickly disperses and the Walla peddles away victorious.

I make it to the security station and show them my ID. I am quickly buzzed inside and patted down for weapons. Once through the doors, I walk into another world: Britain transplanted into the heart of Dhaka. I move through the bar, seeking out my friends. A large beer is waiting and before I know it, it's three in the morning and the embassy bar is closing. The thought of walking home scares me, because only a week earlier I was mugged at gun point on the same route. But nobody is going in my direction, it's late, and I hope for a rickshaw

to be near.

I step out of Britain and onto the streets of Dhaka. Everyone climbs into their cars and leave me alone on the empty street. Around the corner I hear the familiar ring of a rickshaw's bell. Elated I run in the direction, but as the Walla peddles into the light, I see a big shit-eating smile. I sigh in frustration recognizing the man as the one who brought me here earlier. My options are to part with another dollar and some change or walk the two miles back home. I pay up and make it home just before the sun begins to rise.



MARILYN PETERSEN - Child from Afghanistan (Painting)

BRYANT FERRELL

Gravity

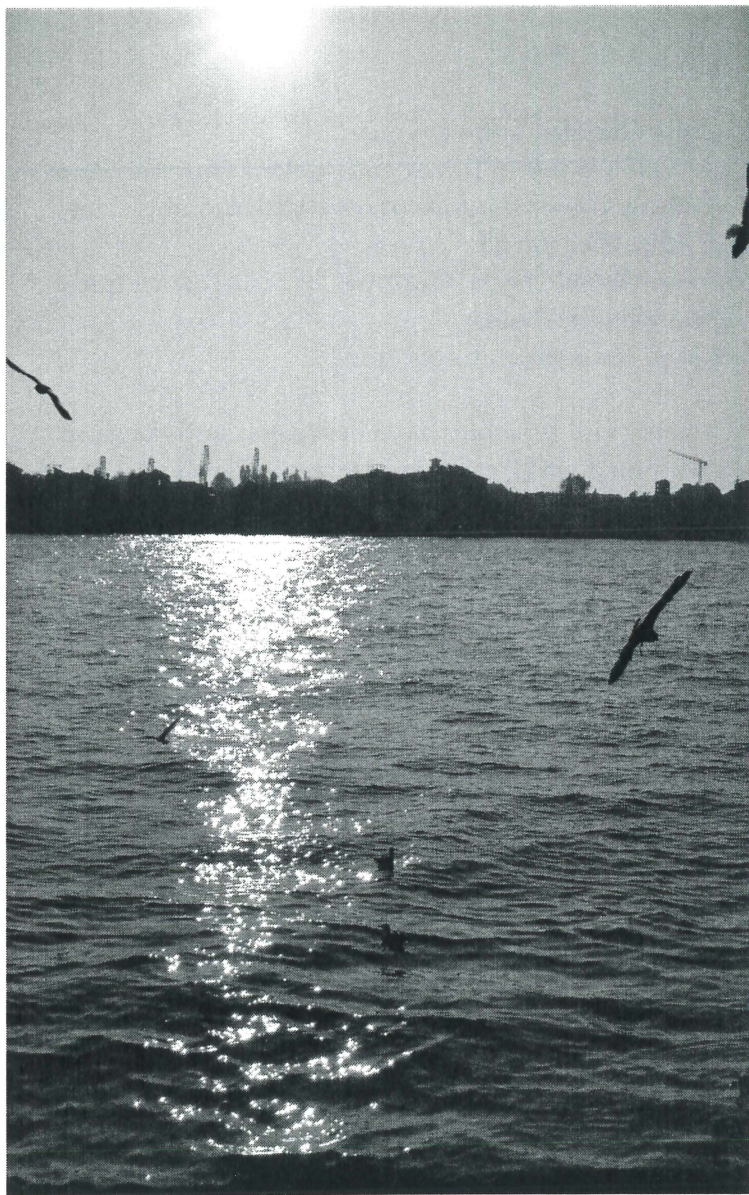
It is
good we
are kept
grounded,
or else our
aspirations
would see
us fly
away.

Love

Sometimes it is better
to just cast a net
than to use a harpoon;
you may not know exactly
what you are aiming at,
but at least one of
the fish in the net
is going to be
what you are looking for.

Mortality

The cigarette
lights easily
and each
inhalation
of smoke
calms the nerves,
and with
every drag,
the ember
burns brighter,
but all cigarettes
must come
to an end,
and so they
should,
because smoking
a filter is
too painful
an experience
compared to
the enjoyment
found in
the tobacco.



PHILIP RATCHFORD - Gulls in Venice (Photograph)

MATT FLETCHER

Party, Tuna, 2, Surge

Congratulations, you've won.

This pouch is full of flavor and packed with nutrients.

We offer a clever mixture of over-the-top fun.

Teen Mom (Season 2)

The murderous Bride continues her vengeance quest
against her ex-boss.

Looking for a shower near you?

The party will typically have beverages and dancing.

Both canned and fresh tuna are available throughout the
year.

Play Stick Arena, Motherload, StickRPG, Defend Your
Castle, Fishy, and More!

Two closely spaced dorsal fins rise from its back.

The preservation of Surge.

CASEY GASHAW

Matt Fletcher

I've heard if he dies you get straight A's,
But as much as I need them, he's always there.
I look over at his sloppy self,
Thinking, why me?
He'll never leave.

KEVIN HALL

Dream Poetry

Sad, sad melodies play through the courtyard, and people
are dancing
To Beethoven. When the music stops the people turn into
sand and
A clock appears on the ground. The clock is turning
backward and I am
Getting progressively younger while watching the time
fall. In the
Background of the whole scene a woman dressed in a maroon
robe is calling my name.
She is sitting in a willow tree and I am standing over the
clock, which is still
Spinning counterclockwise. Her call is getting louder and
louder, yet I am getting younger through the
Process. By the time I hear her last words I am at a toddler
stage, crawling on top of
The clock. She asks, do you know the meaning of your
life, Kevin?
All noise is deafened, and I am concentrating on her intensity,
then the entire world goes cold
And black.

ALICE V-Z HARRISON

Knowing You

You're lemon meringue
and citrus zest!
You are that extra little giggle
and a punch-line at its best!

You're energy personified
and ecstasy made real;
you radiate a livelihood
that everyone can feel!

You're sudden rays of sunshine,
and sudden drops of rain,
and unexpected naughty words
from which I shall refrain.

You're full of fun surprises
and foul surprises, too!
But either way, I mean to say
life's better knowing you!

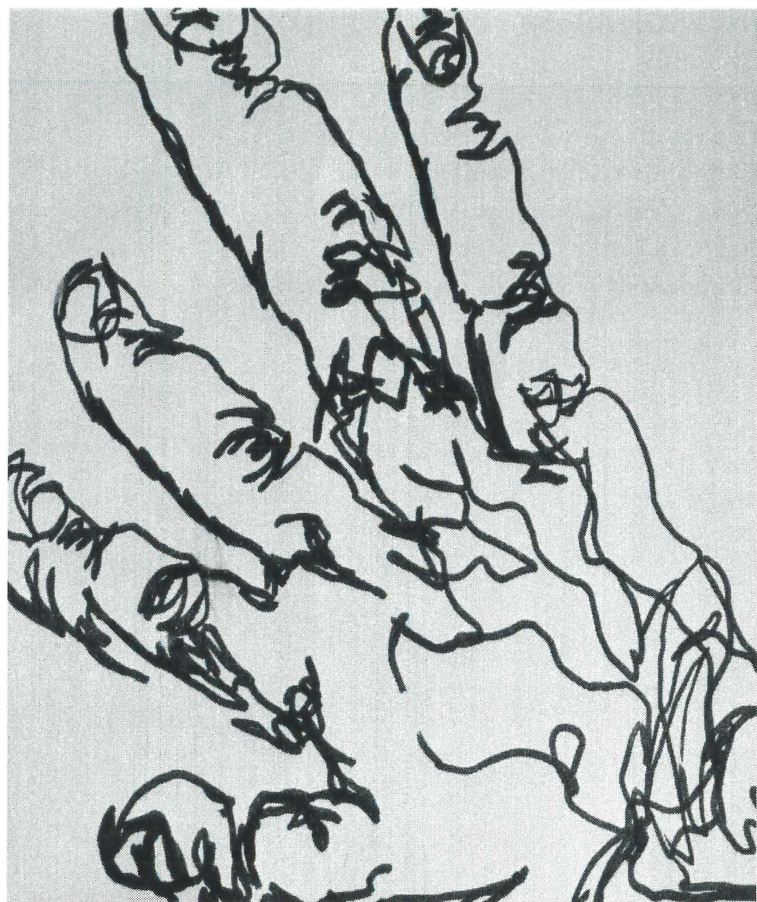
Love

What
can plenty
be more! for
said room
about with
love us
that's inside
not hole
been shaped
said heart
before? A
There's

KAILA KERSHMAN

No Escape

His hands, so worn down and rough
Balled into a fist of anger.
Why are you doing this to me?
Right before it all turns dark
He whispers, "Words have no meaning."



SHARON PATTON - The Hand (Charcoal)

HOLLY HICKMAN

He Said "Come"

The days are long,
The nights are short,
All the toil leaves me weary.
Throughout the gloom,
Throughout the storm
Lurking eyes make me leery.

The whip that cracks,
 The thunder clap,
That drive me into slavery.
Too weak to call,
 Too weak to cry,
The future only dreary.

The Master screams,
 The Master howls,
His threats on wind come winging.
The fear of life,
 The fear of death,
No matter which the leaning.

The pain,
 The dread,
Only silence fills the head.
No jeers,
 No taunts,
The spirit, it is dead.
Who speaks?
 Who sighs,
Not I, not the Master.

A dream,
 A ghost,
Only evil laughter.

The storm blows on,
 The Master screeches,
On my strength feed his leeches.
Drag on the minutes,
 Drag on the hours,
No ending to the powers.

Endless beatings,
 Endless lashes,
Tribulation has no passage.
O the fighting,
 O the raging,
The will is slowly fading.

Sorrow,
 Despair,
Emotion nearly bare.
No hope,
 No care,
No more thought to how I fare.

“Come.”

The call,
 A whisper,
Not of my own making.
A voice,
 A beacon,
There is more than my own breathing.

The Master rants,
 The Master raves,
Naught but nonsense I've created.
There is no voice,
 There is no call,
Just my mind finally breaking.

The Master murmurs,
 The Master guffaws,
"Nothing else is living."
The pounding waves,
 The stony shore,
Only my heart breaking.

"Come."

But I know,
 But I heard,
There must be something more.
It came again,
 It called to me,
Reaching clearly o'er the shore.

The Master spits,
 The Master snarls,
"Only you and I exist."
He shakes his head,
 He pounds his fist,
"This voice cannot exist!"

"Come!"

The lightning cracks,

The thunder rolls,
The Master freezes whole.
The gleaming light,
 The flash so bright,
Reveals such glory unforetold.

“Come.”

The chains,
 The locks,
All ‘round fall my shackles.
My freedom,
 My liberty,
My Lord destroyeth all obstacles.

“Come.”

The Word,
 The Truth,
A King knelt over me.
The price,
 His love,
Christ’s kindness set me free.

MEGAN JOLLY

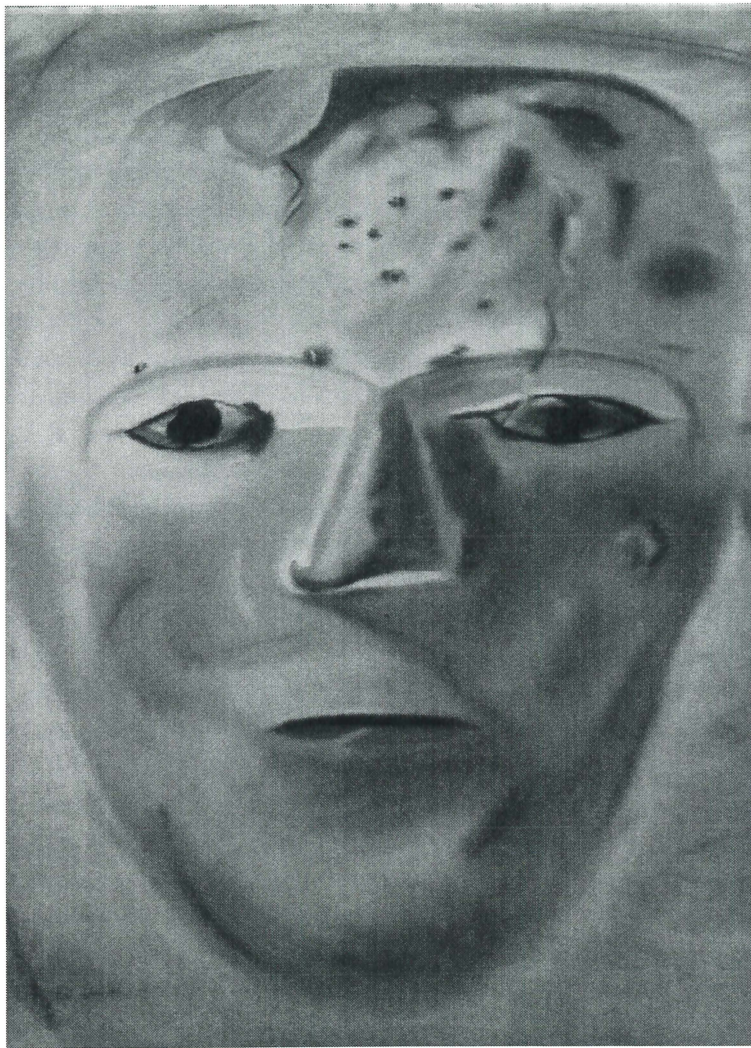
Jeans

Jeans, from dark blue denim
to light and washed out; almost
white they are worn, whether
going to the store on an early Sunday
morning or to a biology class
presentation, made in so many
different styles: holey, short, long,
flared, skipping all different
places; the businesswoman, the
store clerk, bought at all different
prices; five hundred dollars to five
dollars; different sizes; some
like to wear them when I party,
I like to wear them when I go
watch a soccer game, I like to wear
them when I go out to dinner
with my parents, jeans are my
favorite and the favorite of
countless other individuals

JEAN JONES

Dream Poem #5

We were getting ready to start a shoot out in this old
Western town
and I was noticing some different guns located at the
top of some store fronts
when the person in charge told us that there were some
“right guns located nearby”
to finish the job and I remembered seeing some western
rifles and shotguns
at a nearby roof and then it dawned on me that just
around the corner
was a modern assault rifle. . .



MARIE SAVAGE - Green Man (Paint)

MAUREEN KEATHLEY

Freeman Hall

Alex Brooks, Resident Director of Freeman Hall, was not overly well-equipped to deal with the majority of female college freshmen. She knew a few things, of course, having experienced the first year of tertiary education herself, but she had spent most of it in the library or under her lofted bed, studying.

This was why she had an array of resident assistants at her command. This year's batch, Alex determined as midterms approached, contained two of the best RAs anyone could hope for under the circumstances.

When zombies came to Conway County, the college received very little warning, and officials had just enough time to convey a simple message to everyone they could: "Get inside a building and put as many walls as possible between you and the outside."

Faithful Freeman Hall RAs Lindsey Jacob and Elizabeth Pond seemed to know exactly what to do when Alex passed the message on to them, so while they got to work, she tried and failed to figure out what made zombies real.

Lindsey first confirmed zombie sightings in other parts of the county using her massive collection of communications devices, while Elizabeth dragged students inside Freeman Hall and ordered everyone to un-loft their beds, couches and desks beneath them be damned.

When she thought about it, Alex decided she was grateful that these two were taking charge. They were the best women for the job, when no one had ever done the job before. Elizabeth was an avid player of video games. Periodically she showed up at Alex's door, raving

about the latest RTS or FPS or ABC or 123 game she had purchased. Studies had shown that video games improved people's hand-eye coordination, so if there were a lot of zombie ones, surely that had prepared her for this sort of thing. Lindsey was a biology major and committed scientist who believed in laws and certainty and eschewed ambiguity. For her, the zombies were a puzzle, so she gathered as much data as she could about their behavior and appearance and shared what she learned with Elizabeth. Together they formed a plan, and they were nice enough to let Alex in on a little bit of it.

Within two hours of the announcement, Elizabeth and Lindsey had made major progress. The area outside Freeman Hall contained no humans, and all the entrances had been fortified with Elizabeth's commandeered bricks. Lindsey had pieced together a description of the zombies that were advancing on Conway College and called a meeting of the residence staff in the common room while, under Elizabeth's orders, the paintball and Airsoft enthusiasts and members of the archery team stood on the roof with their weapons to keep watch.

Alex wasn't convinced it was within the rules for any of these students to have their weapons in her dorm, but she decided that if everyone in Freeman Hall came out alive she would not issue citations this time.

"I have no God-damned idea what is causing the zombification," Lindsey announced cheerily once Alex and all the RAs had assembled.

"What the fuck, Lindsey," Alex said.

"Don't worry!" Lindsey said. "I don't know what caused the beginning of the world, either, but I still know a little about how it works."

Alex tried to stay calm and collected. She needed to

look like she could be in charge, for the benefit of the other two RAs. The useless, terrified ones.

"Anyway, as I was saying. It looks like, in keeping with tradition, the zombie plague—or disease—or whatever it is—is spread by bites and scratches from the infected. So don't get too close! Especially if you have open wounds. That's why Elizabeth took your beds away."

"I did not take anyone's beds. You do not have to be five feet in the air to sleep," Elizabeth said.

"Hush, Elizabeth. I am talking." Lindsey cleared her throat. "Now, it seems as if they aren't yet dead. This is good, because we can still pretend science matters. I suspect they are all suffering from some kind of full-body necrosis, but it's moving slowly enough that they are a threat. That doesn't matter. The point is, they can be killed like normal humans. However, due to their mushy brains, they don't notice pain, so we can't incapacitate them that way. Get them in the brain or remove limbs. Any questions?"

"Mushy brains?" Alex asked.

Lindsey nodded, ignoring Alex's jab at her scientific credibility. "Right, that's important. I think for a time they will maintain enough complex thinking to, for example, run, jump, and climb, but before long they should just be reduced to aggressive shuffling monsters."

"How long?"

Lindsey shrugged. "I don't know. This started, like, today. They're still running out there. But from what I've heard of their inability to speak or be reasoned with and descriptions of necrotic lesions, this is the best hypothesizing I can do without going out and risking my skinny nerdy ass for you all."

"Thanks, Lindsey." Alex rolled her eyes. "All right, Elizabeth, do you have anything to say?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "Not really. I prepped our rooftop people already, told them to aim for the head. I don't know how well the paintball and Airsoft guns will do at that, so we really have to ration the arrows. They ought to be able to put out the zombies' eyes, though."

Alex nodded. "We'll work that out. Speaking of rations, since we don't know how long this will last, I want all Ramen Noodles, frozen dinners, leftover pizza, and anything else edible out of the rooms and in here. Y'all are all greedy pigs."

The RAs nodded and headed to their domains to gather provisions.

Alex was struck suddenly with a feeling of relief. If they survived this, she would never have to worry about how well she could run a dorm again. She would have survived the fucking zombie apocalypse. The only person who could top that was her Korean war veteran grandfather.

She decided to pass the time by looking at her own supply of food. Three steps from where she stood in the common room and she was at her door; four more and she was in her kitchen. She had a full-size refrigerator, unlike her residents, so a few frozen pizzas lay stacked on some frozen lasagnas in her freezer. That might hold them for a bit. People didn't need to eat that much if they weren't moving around. This wasn't a survival TV show where they needed to find civilization. They needed to defend civilization.

Their own little part of civilization, anyway. Surely the National Guard was on its way.

Right?

Well.

So far, Alex hadn't seen any zombies. Her only evidence that zombies were going to descend on Conway College any day now had come thus far only in the form of the phone call from the dean and a lot of picture messages Lindsey had been sent. She wasn't sure she truly believed it. So even if the National Guard had been told, why the hell would they go save people from zombies?

"Zombies aren't real," Alex said to her frozen peas.

She closed her freezer door and looked out her window. She saw the usual things—buildings, litter, an abandoned pair of panties.

She rolled her eyes and grabbed a pen from her counter to write "Tell my residents to stop losing their clothes outside their rooms" on her magnetic to-do list.

Her cell phone rang. The sound of Ace of Base filled the room.

She snatched it up from the counter and pressed the green button. "Hello?"

"Alex. Are you all right?" It was the dean.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. We're all okay. You were kidding about the zombie thing, right?"

"Um, no," the dean answered. "There are definitely zombies on campus now."

"Where's the National Guard?" Alex demanded.

"The National Guard doesn't believe us," the dean answered. "Listen, have you fortified your dorm?"

"Yes. I guess. I don't know how to fortify a dorm against zombies. The RAs took everyone's cinderblocks. And the archery team is on the roof."

"You're doing better than some. Keep up the good work. Security is in their Jeep, trying to play soldier. Do you need anything?"

Guns. They needed guns, if her RAs were to be trusted. But Alex wasn't about to give real guns to drunk college freshmen.

"Do you guys know anything about the zombies?" Alex asked.

"We're drawing straws to see who will go out there and get a good look."

That was so like the administration, to draw straws at a time like this.

"And Dr. Henry is speculating about them, so that helps."

"Is he? Good. Put him on. Let me get my RA."

Alex ran out to the dorm's square, open courtyard and yelled, "LINDSEY! PHONE!"

Lindsey came running out of a door across the courtyard, arms full of potato chips and Ramen Noodles.

She dropped the food at Alex's feet and said, "They're rebelling in suite four." Then she grabbed Alex's phone and ran into the common room.

"That's nice," Alex muttered. She leaned down and began gathering the food. Maybe Elizabeth would be able to calm suite four. Alex decided this problem would be for the RAs. She stuffed a few packages of Ramen in her armpit and eyed the few figures on the roof as she returned to the common room.

By sundown, Alex's apartment looked like a food pantry, the archers had taken down two zombies, and the dean had called back to tell Alex that the mental faculties of Dr. Simon, drawer of the short straw, had begun to deteriorate after he went out and procured bits of zombie for Dr. Henry to study, and not to let people go poke them. Alex relayed this information to Lindsey and Elizabeth.

“Okay.” Lindsey nodded. “No one go poke the zombies. I’m going to head up on the roof to keep an eye on things, though. I want to see how they do in the dark.”

“Are you going to let the archery team sleep?” Alex asked.

“They don’t need sleep.”

“Let them sleep, Lindsey,” said Elizabeth. “We’ll use hairspray flamethrowers through the cinderblocks if the zombies get too close.”

“Fine,” Lindsey said. “They can sleep. Even though they don’t have anywhere to do it.”

“You don’t have to be five feet in the air to sleep!” Elizabeth cried. “Why am I the only person who understands this?”

Alex sighed. “Elizabeth, go get the big-haired smokers and take care of it. Lindsey, get over the bed thing.”

Elizabeth and Lindsey left to do as they were told, and Alex looked at the clock.

“Jesus God,” she said. It was nearly nine o’clock. Everyone needed dinner two hours ago.

She called up Terrified RA Sarah and told her to gather everyone who wasn’t sleeping for dinner. It was time for some hardcore frozen lasagna baking.

The night passed without incident. No food fights erupted in the common room, but none of the girls talked very much. They simply ate their dinners and their two servings of fruit (Alex had no idea when the apples she stole would go bad) and returned to their rooms.

The next morning, Lindsey reported to Alex immediately after sunrise on all her new knowledge about the zombies.

“They’re rotting!” she said gleefully, her eyes big and her grin wide.

"Lindsey," Alex mumbled. She had stumbled off her futon and to her door, and was still trying to recover from her dream about vikings and unicorns.

"It's a really hot October," Lindsey went on. "They're prime targets for flies and bacteria and stuff. They don't care about their well-being. They just care about—I don't know what they care about. I don't think they care. The point is, they have no sense of self-preservation!"

"That's nice?" Alex said.

"It's great! I'm pretty sure the rest of the county is all holed up, too, so we just have to wait for them to die for good!"

"Great. How long will that take?"

"I don't know. We'll see. But not as long as it was originally going to."

Alex just stared at Lindsey.

"Brush your teeth, Alex. I'm going to talk to Elizabeth."

Alex went back to bed.

She awoke once more that morning, this time to the sound of Lindsey and Elizabeth arguing just outside her door.

She trudged from her futon to her door and opened it.

"What?" she said.

"What do we do when they die?" Elizabeth said.

"What?"

"When the zombies all die. What do we do then? That dead zombie still got Dr. Simon! We're not safe even after they've died!"

"Seriously?" Alex said. "This is what you're bitching and moaning about at nine o'clock in the morning outside my door?"

"What happens after they all fall apart and there aren't any new waves?" She tried to remember what Lindsey and Elizabeth had woken her up for a week ago. "Can't they still kill us?"

"Maybe. We're working on that."

"You know, that really doesn't help. I'm not going to eat one of my residents."

"You might not have to. Give it time."

Alex reduced rations. She gave it time. She gave it another hungry week. Eventually, all they had left was highly, highly unappetizing: leather belts, cockroaches, lizards. And none of the girls of Freeman Hall had caught lizards since elementary school.

In that time, the zombies stopped coming. Alex's tech-savvy residents communicated with their friends all over the county. No one had seen any zombies for the past couple of days. No new necrotic lesions were forming. Some people were even going outside.

"I'm going outside, too, then," Alex said. She hadn't looked out at the carnage in a few days. She didn't need to. It smelled foul. It was like taking a narrow, secluded curve in a back road in the middle of the woods where deer went to die, multiplied by at least a quarter of the population of Conway City, plus more emotional distress because Alex didn't feel any special connection to deer.

Also, the curve was actually a secret roundabout.

She still wasn't about to let her residents starve to death because the administration had managed to hide away in a building full of vending machines.

"You can't!" Lindsey said. "You'll catch the zombie! We don't want to kill you!"

"We really don't," said Elizabeth. "And if you're going to die, you might as well die uncontaminated so we

can eat you."

"You're not eating me. I'm going to the grocery store," Alex said.

"Well—at least take a weapon." Elizabeth pulled open the maintenance door that really should have been locked. She searched in it for a few seconds, and came out with a crowbar. She held it out to Alex.

"A crowbar?"

"Take the crowbar, Alex."

Alex sighed and took the crowbar. It was cold, heavy, and a little bit big for her hand. She still appreciated the thought.

"All right. I'm taking the crowbar." She shrugged her backpack off and dropped the crowbar in, zipping the bag up around it. She dug her keys out of her pocket and handed them to Elizabeth. "I'll be back soon."

With that, she shouldered her backpack again, opened the door to the outside, and headed toward the parking lot.



SAM NEVEU - Lake Mirror (Photograph)

SHILOH KOZLOWSKI

Haiku

Pitter
Rain falls
Patter.

MEGAN LEE

Loneliness

Freezing cold,
Dead and alone,
There is more to it

Than what
The eye can see.
Sorrows

Lie below.
The waters out
In the ocean

Only existing,
Unchanging.
Just taking

Up space.
Big, lonely
Iceberg.

JOSEPH MCGINLEY

What It Is

I'm twelve years old and I know
What love is.

I notice the girls passing
In the hall.

But I don't yell at them
Like the big boys.

There's this one girl, tall and slim
And pretty.

She just walks by the
Older boys,

Seems to ignore them
Completely.

But sometimes she looks at me
And smiles.

RONA LEACH MCLEOD

Ten Gifts (Each Different - Each Important)

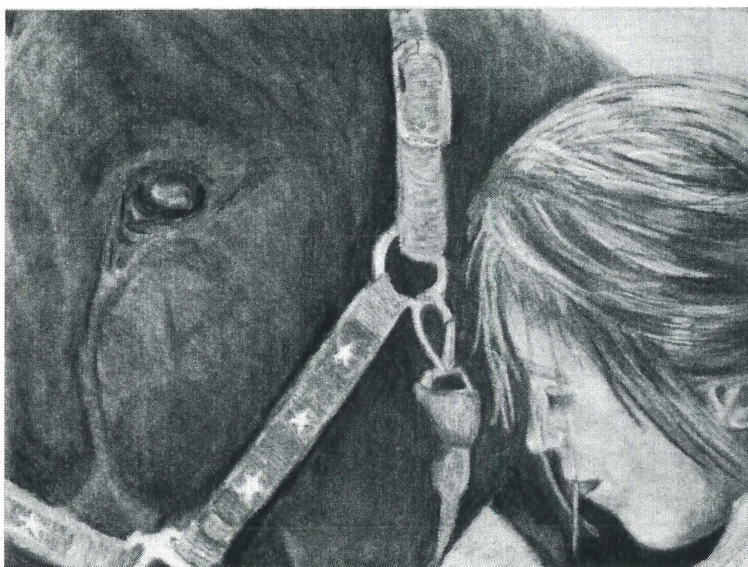
GREEN	Gives to the world a new beginning, breath of life, a time to move forward
RED	Gives to the world, the blood of life which fuels the entire system of being— not a time to stop in life, but a time to go ahead
YELLOW	Gives to the world the magnificent sunlight needed for growth and development and the ability to move forward
BLUE	Gives to the world a morning sky of hope, happiness, inspiration and determination
WHITE	Gives to the world a quiet and peaceful time allowing one to think
BLACK	Gives to the world the darkness of night necessary for rest and sleep to replenish energy for the next day to come
ORANGE	Gives to the world an awesome setting sun letting us know that this day is coming to an end and today does not last forever
PINK	Gives to the world calmness, patience, and a nurturing effect
BROWN	Gives to the world down time, a period of changing over, recollecting, and revamp- ing for an end to a beginning
PURPLE	Gives to the world strength, endurance, power, and perseverance to do a job and do it well

Life is such that we need each gift—because each gift is different and each gift is important. Without one gift, life itself is incomplete.

SAMANTHA NEVEU

To Feel

I want to feel your yearning through one touch.
The heated push of your breathing down my sides.
Electricity through my body from lips on static skin.
Feel your hand gently push fiery tendrils out of the way.
See your passionate gaze upon my face, trying to convey
 what words cannot.
Searching for meaning where there is none.
Delicately tracing a portrait of envy, only that of which
 gods knew, on my back.



SHARON PATTON - True Love (Charcoal)

JOSH PICKETT

The Sign

I posted a “Do Not Enter” sign
on the door to my school’s chapel
in December, three years ago.

The sign still hangs there, coated in dust.
Only the observant and the oblivious
ignore its instruction.

RYAN PIERCE

Morality

I bait a hook and throw it in the water
and wait for the cork to drown.
The cork starts to dance on the water
like an angry salsa dancer.
I reel it in as the fish fights for his life,
pulling and splashing water everywhere. I tug and reel
with all my might,
but he gets off.
I bait a hook and throw it back in the water.

“Parental Control”

None of the parents felt completely safe in giving their children free reign.

objectionable

to screeners.

ANDREA RAMIREZ

Ink

It only hurts for a while
But the pain is worth the reward
Something that is a part of me
Until I am no longer a part of this world
A statement of faith it is to me
Sometimes looked down upon
But never regretted



SHARON PATTON - Isabella (Charcoal)

PARRISH RAVELLI

Home

The leaves around me are still.

Through them I see another world, the clouds are moving.
I can hear the highway rumbling, tumultuous.

A plane flies overhead,
though I cannot see it, or where it is going.

You whisper to me ... "home"

The leaves around me are still.

The Lines In March

There are lines in March
But we still wander.

There are highways
For those who are looking for distance.

Roads
For those looking for a home.

On Highway 41 there are fields
where furrows have been dug

That run into tree lines
That run into tomorrow.

Some fields are cleared
With seeds that have been planted.

On others, there is still the stubble
From last year's corn crop

Standing straight with honor, pride
As a veteran infantry

Knowing what they have given
Their life for.

The rows of dogwoods on my street
are filling out.

I can no longer trace
The lines between the branches

That now run into new buds
That run into tomorrow.

There are lines that are unseen even,
And there is a yield to be had.

Though we may not have seen
This year's last frost.

In my mind I know, though we wander
We are not lost.

DERRICK RICHARDSON

Haiku

When lost
Check me out
I'm found

ADRIAN RIVERA

Challenges

Breaking waves are plentiful
Some big and some small

Sometimes the waves hit you hard
Sometimes the waves hit you soft

Plunging waves can push you down
Spilling waves are best to surf

Sometimes the salt stings your eyes
Sometimes the salt taints your mouth

A tsunami hits hardest of all
It is deceptively small until the shore

Sometimes the waves knock you down
Sometimes the waves ease you along

The waves break against the shore
And I plunge straight into them

KATE SORGENFREI

Hallways

The lone corridor
beckons,
mourning lost love.

The promise is broken.
Corridors, paths,
promises, lies,
silence.
Sweltering, isn't it?

It hangs over like
an oppressive summer's day.
Silence.
No laughter now.
What has killed sound?
The new regime is here.



PHILIP RATCHFORD - Venice Canal (Photograph)

RAMSEY VOGT

That Little Hippie Bitch

Characters:

Lily Bellivier — 21 years old, daughter of Allen and Kay Bellevier. Brown hair, green eyes, 5'8", slim build, dresses extremely girly. College student at the University of Oregon.

Allen Bellevier — 56 years old, father of Lily Bellevier, married to Kay Bellevier. Dark brown hair now mostly grey, blue eyes, 6'2", athletic build with a few extra pounds around the stomach, dresses casually. Works as a web designer for an electric company in Montana from home and helps on the family ranch.

Kay Bellevier — 53 years old, mother of Lily Bellevier, married to Allen Bellevier. Blond hair cut in a shoulder length sweep, green eyes, 5'6", slim build, dancer's grace, dresses in jeans and comfortable shirts. Works on the family ranch in Montana.

Natalie Anderson — Lily's childhood best friend, often referred to as unbiological sisters, known well by parents.

Scene: *The set is a two-part stage with the left half being the kitchen and the right side being the living room and the entrance to the house. The kitchen has wooden oak cupboards and black granite countertops; the chairs and table in the kitchen are oak also. The appliances are black. The kitchen is kept neat. A coffee maker, toaster, knife block, cutting board, bowl of fruit, and rack of herbs and spices are all that are on the counter. The table has a laptop and a small stack of papers on it, along with two burgundy candles. Deep burgundy and lush cream towels are hanging from the handles of the drawers near the sink and on the oven handle. It is Thanksgiving break and Lily has come home from the University to eat with the family her junior year. Lily and Kay*

are in the kitchen while Allen is offstage in his study. The family was working hard in the barn from ten until two and then went trail riding until dusk. Lily is rummaging through the fridge while Kay sits at the dining table reading a news magazine.

Lily: [*Steps back from the fridge*] So Mother, what's for dinner?
Kay: [*Peers over her magazine*] Whatever you are cooking, Miss Lily.

Lily: [*Exasperatedly closes the fridge and sits on the table*] I really don't feel like eating at home tonight in that case. You want to go to Pat's?

Kay: Not tonight, we were saving that for Saturday before you go back. That way you can see the regulars again. The Ketzingtons ask about you every time we stop in there. If they found out you were in town and we didn't bring you they probably wouldn't speak to us again.

Lily: Haha, they only love me so much because I house sat for them when they went on their fiftieth anniversary cruise.

Kay: How old were you then? About twelve, right? [*Lily nods*] You were on your own for a week in that house. Jeez, I remember worrying about you every night.

Lily: Awwwwwww, Mom. You do love me.

Kay: Yeah, and I'd love you a lot more if you woulda kept your room clean once in a while when you lived here.

Lily: [*Laughingly*] Mom! Cut me some slack, I was a busy kid. I didn't have time to put things away nicely! [*Kay just laughs, shakes her head, and waves Lily away*] Okay, back to dinner. We have plans for Saturday. Butttt, what about tonight? [*Kay shrugs and goes back to reading her magazine. Lily's phone beeps; she opens it up and smiles. She quickly types a text and puts her phone on the pile of papers*] How about this, I'll help you cook and then after we eat

I'm going to meet with Natalie to catch up.
Kay: [*Without looking up from her magazine*] Is that who texted you?
Lily: Yeah, she wants to go into town and maybe catch a movie.
Kay: [*Puts the magazine down and pushes her chair back*] Alright then, let's get started on dinner.
Lily: Actually, I wanted to take a shower quickly so my hair can dry while we cook. [*Kay sighs and rolls her eyes*] Mom, stop. I haven't taken a shower all day. I feel disgusting.
Kay: I just know that your quick shower is still forty minutes long. Which means I will be the one cooking dinner tonight.
Lily: Mommmmm! I swear you still think I'm sixteen. [*Said facetiously and with a smirk*] I'll have you know that I can now shower in ten minutes flat.
Kay: [*Halfway laughing*] Alright, alright, haha. Go take your shower; I'll finish reading this article then start supper. Hopefully by the time you get out I'll be in a good place for you to take over.
Lily: Perfect! I'll make it quick, Mom. Promise. [*Lily rushes away off the left upper entrance to the bathroom shower*]

Kay sits back down to finish the article. On the table is Lily's phone. Allen comes onto stage from the right third entrance, which is his study. He leans down over Kay's shoulder and kisses her on the cheek. Kay smiles and kisses him before going back to reading her article. Allen opens the fridge and starts to look in it. Mannerisms should be the same as Lily, meant to illustrate father/daughter connection.

Allen: [*Steps back from the fridge and looks over at Kay*] Where did Lily go?

Kay: [*Does not look up from magazine*] To shower before she helps me cook dinner. She's going to meet Natalie tonight.

Allen: Good, I'm glad she's seeing Natalie. I worry about her friends in Oregon sometimes.

Kay: [*Looks up from magazine with a puzzled look on her face*] Why?

Allen: [*Shuts the door exasperatedly*] Oh, I don't know...

[*Pulls out the chair next to Kay and sits down. Kay goes back to reading her magazine. Allen leans back in the chair, crosses his ankles, clasps his hands together, rests his elbows on the chair rests, purses his lips, and brings his head to meet his hands.*

Kay then finishes the article and gets up to start boiling water for dinner. After a few seconds of thought, Allen takes a deep breath] Actually, I know why I don't like her friends.

But I've never met them, so I keep ignoring my gut. Instead I try to believe Lily when she tells me about them and what they do when they hang out.

Kay: [*Busy cooking*] What do you think they do?

Allen: [*Sighs*] Smoke pot.

Kay: [*Fully turns around and gives him an "are you serious" look*] You think they smoke pot, so you don't trust them?

Allen: [*Very seriously*] Yes, I don't think that Lily should be doing drugs.

Kay: [*Pauses, then bursts out laughing*] Al, did you forget that we used to smoke all the time in college? We turned out alright. Why are you so worried? Her grades are good and she seems healthy whenever she comes home.

Even if she is smoking pot, which I am sure she isn't, it is not affecting her life in any negative way that I've noticed.

Allen: I just don't think Lily would have started doing any kind of drugs if she hadn't gotten into that friend group. She had good friends here at home.

Cell phone on the table starts to ring. Allen reaches across the table and picks it up.

Allen: Natalie's calling Lily. [*He smiles*] I wonder how she's doing. [*Turns to Kay*] Think I could answer without Lily getting mad?

Kay: [*Shrugs*] I don't know, Al, but I didn't see this happen if she does get mad.

Allen: I'm going for it. [*Opens up the phone and opens his mouth to speak, but is cut off.*]

Natalie: (Only audience and Allen can hear, Kay is oblivious)
Lillllly! Hey girllll. I'm at work so I gotta make this quick.

Allen: Actu-

Natalie: Don't worry about tonight. I got some good weed for you and your first time. [*Allen's face is in shock; he is speechless. Natalie continues laughing*] We are gonna get soooo high. Cannot wait to show you how it's done! You can still make it, right? [*Extended silence*] Hello? Lily? Can you hear me? [*Allen is frozen*] Helloooo? [*Natalie hangs up*]

Kay: [*Allen slowly puts down the phone*] Did the call get dropped? [*Kay turns to find Allen staring at the phone*]
What? Why are you staring at the phone like that?
Allen?

Allen: [*Slow and monotone*] Lily doesn't smoke pot. But she was going to tonight with Natalie. That little hippie bitch.

Kay: Allen! Don't call her that. How do you know all this?

Allen: Natalie said so on the phone! She started talking so fast I couldn't get a word in, and she just said it. Told Lily not to worry. That she got good weed. What the hell. How does a sweet little girl like Natalie turn into a

fucking drug dealer?

Kay: Allen! Stop it. Natalie is a nice girl. You've known her practically her entire life.

Allen: [*Lily walks into the kitchen*] Yeah, who knows how long she has been bringing drugs into my house and I didn't even know it.

Lily: Who are you talking about? [*Allen and Kay turn, surprised. Allen's face begins to change into a scowl, Kay sees this and quickly jumps in*]

Kay: Everybody, let's just sit down at the table and talk about this.

Lily: Talk about what?

Allen: [*Kay opens her mouth to speak, but Allen cuts her off*] Marijuana.

Lily: What? What about marijuana?

Allen: You had plans to smoke it tonight.

Lily: What? No I didn't.

Allen: [*Finally past his breaking point, yells*] Quit the bullshit, Lily! Natalie called and I answered the phone and before I could say a word she was bragging about the good weed she got for you tonight!

Lily: [*Slightly angry*] You answered my phone? Why —

Allen: Damn right I answered your phone. I pay for the Goddamn thing; I'll use it if I want! And don't you dare try to turn this around. You were going to smoke marijuana. Why would you do that? Why would you get into drugs?

Lily: [*Now angry*] Oh, you are such a hypocrite! I know for a fact that you smoked through college. I'm a junior and haven't even tried pot. Here I am on break, no homework, no job, no responsibilities for me to worry about, and you tell me that you are going to get mad if I get high just once?

Allen: Marijuana is an illegal subst-

Lily: [*Lily throws her hands in the air*] Oh, shut up, Dad!

Who are you to fucking judge me? You went to college in California in the seventies. You probably did more drugs than I'll ever see in my life.

Kay: [*Soothing trying to calm them both down*] Lily —

Lily: No, Mom! This is bullshit and you know it. I'm twenty one, have a job, an apartment, and go to school.

I take care of my life, and I can decide whether or not I use any kind of substance, illegal or not. I love coming home, but if I'm going to be yelled at by my father for doing something he did when he was my age, then forget this. I'm going to eat out. [*Lily grabs her phone, glares at Allen, and strides out of the kitchen and out of the front right entrance of the stage. Lights down.*]

TJ WERNER

Haiku

dark clouds
empty in the downpour
and dissolve away

TED WOJTASIK

The Cameo Appearances of Alfred Hitchcock

-Dedicated to Richard Brett

The lodger is psycho.
Rebecca is notorious.
Marnie has stage fright.
The birds are in a frenzy.
To catch a thief use rope.
Under Capricorn I confess.
Blackmail requires 39 steps.
The Paradine case is murder!
The lady vanishes with her topaz.
The trouble with Harry is vertigo.
The rear window has a torn curtain.
The family plot is north by northwest.
The strangers on a train are spellbound.
The foreign correspondent is a saboteur.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith are young and innocent.
The wrong man is the man who knew too much.
Dial M for murder to remove any
Shadow of a doubt.



HOPE BEATSON - *Lake at Sunset (Photograph)*

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